



BEST of the WEST



NO. 1 10c

THE ORIGINAL INDIAN HERO OF RAINDANCE

STRAIGHT ARROW



THE MOVIES' MOST COLORFUL WESTERN STAR—
CHARLES STARRETT

THE DURANGO KID



FOUR STARS
IN
ONE BOOK!

BOBBY BENSON'S

B-Bar-B RIDER



the GHOST RIDER



STRAIGHT ARROW

GREAT IS THE FEEL OF
COMANCHE LAND WHEN THUNDER-
ING LEGIONS OF CROWS GO ON
THE MARCHES! MIGHTY AND TERRIFY-
ING IN COMBAT IS THE CROW
CHAMPION, POM-TAH-KAH THE
GIANT—AND MOST TERRIBLE OF
BATTLES IS THAT BETWEEN HIM AND

STRAIGHT ARROW!

GIANT-KILLER!



Over the son of a mountain range —

THERE FLOW US, BROTHER
CROW WARRIORS, IS THE LAND
OF THE COMANCHE! NOW
HUNTING GROUNDS
DOWN THERE!

SOON
TO BE
OURS!

YES THE WHITE MAN HAS PUSHED
US OFF OUR ANCIENT LANDS — AND
WE MUST HAVE NEW HUNTING
GROUNDS! WE WILL TAKE
NEW LANDS BY FORCE —
FROM THE COMANCHE!

















The DURANGO KID

DEATH AHEAD AND
DEATH BEHIND — DANGER AND
TERROR ALL AROUND THAT'S THE COMIC
PICTURE THAT PAGES THE DORANGE
KID WHEN HE TRACKS MURDER INTO
THE WIDE BUFFALO PLAINS AND YOU
CAN'T SEE BULLETS FOR GUNSHOTS.
WHEN DURANGO TANGLES WITH

"DEATH ON THE
Buffalo Trail!"



IN A HOTEL IN RED HOOK...

HEM LAST BUFFALO-HUNTING
TRIP DROVE AND DIPPED SOLD
ALL HIS HIDE FOR TWO
THOUSAND SMACKEROOS! IN FIVE
THIRTY IN PUTTING IT
ALL IN
THEM
BANK...



I GOT A
BETTER
PLACE
FOR THAT
MONEY
GRANDY!

SHUT UP!—! OVER
NIM AND
BOY
MISTER!



THEY
SUITS
ARE
FINE!



A SHORT TIME LATER...

SURE CAN'T WAIT TO GET EYES ON OUR OLD PAL, BRANCEY.

SHYDOL, STEVE, WHY CAN'T WE HIT THEM BUFFALO TRAIL, TOO? THAT'S EXCITEMENT AN' HEADS OF MONEY IN COLLECTIN' BUFFALO HIDE. BEEN HANGIN' TO DO THAT FOR A LONG TIME.



WELL THEN CAN WE TALK TUN BRANCEY ABOUT IT? LET'S BARGE INTO HIS AN' HOLY SCRAMM! COYOTES!

BRANCEY!!



OMIGOD SOME SKEEAM! SAKKE SOME BUSHED BRANCEY!

THERE MUST HAVE BEEN A RIGHT-THERE'S THIS POOR PIECE OF SHIRT IN BRANCEY'S HAND. MULEY--GO GET THE GUNNIN', QUICKLY!



LATER

THIS AINT THEM FIRST, STEVE--AN' IF AINT!

THEN LAST! BUFFALO HUNTERS HAVE BEEN ROBBED AN' KILLED HYND IN TOWN AN' ON THIS TRAIL, TOO. THAT'S AN ORGANIZED GANG BEHIND THIS--KIDNAPIN' THEM BUFFALO-HIDE MARKET!



ID HANG 'EM ALL IF I COULD JUST GET WHISKEY ON 'EM! BUT THEY SHORE GOT ME FLAMM' BOODERS--NO CLUES, NO KUTIN'!

NO CLUES--EXCEPT THIS PIECE OF TORN SHIRT--AND THAT AINT MUCH.



MULEY, IF THOSE OAL-POOTS ARE TRAILIN' BUFFALO HUNTERS--THERE'S ONLY ONE THING FOR US TO DO: START PACKIN' PARTNER--BURN AFTERIN' THE BUFFALO TRAIL!



AND SO--BY DUSK...

WE OUGHTA HIT THEM TRAIL BY MORNIN'--AN' OT THEM BUFFALO CATTLED WARDEN SOUTH. THEN'S WHEN THE HIDE IS BEST.

AND A FEW OT GUNNIN' ALONG--JUST IN CASE THE BUFFALO HIDE IS WASTED.







NEXT MORNING...

TAKE THEM INTO TOWN AND
TURN THEM OVER TO THE
SHERIFF. I HAVE OTHER
THINGS TO DO!

I DID IT,
STEVE! BE
KEEFPUL,
DURANGO—
I'LL
SEE YOU
SOON!



AND NOW,
RAIDER—
LET'S
RIDE!



THAT SHADOW! THERE'S
A RIFLEMAN ON THAT
ROCK—HOWEVER? I
WOULD HAVE EXPECTED
THAT!



WHEN! CLOSE! AND THERE'S
NO COVER ON THIS FLAT CARON
FLOOR EXCEPT THAT BouldER!



AND NOW FOR BIG HORSE HOLLOW! IT'LL BE
FOUR AGAINST ONE—BUT THAT'S NOT SUCH
ODDS FOR—THE DURANGO KID,
EASY, RAIDER!



A SHORT
TIME LATER—
BIG HORSE
HOLLOW!



EVERY TIME I BUZZ, HE SENDS A
BULLET HIGHER. HAY, HE KNOWS HOW
TO USE A RIFLE, THAT HOMER—AND HE'S
OUT OF RANGE OF MY REP-BUNG. ALL
RIGHT, DURANGO—HOW DO YOU GET
OUT OF THIS ONE?





HEY, WHATE'S COM' ON?

GOT THEM DURANGO KID
PINNED BEHIND THAT
BOULDER IN! HE CAIN'T
MOVE— OR I SHAVE HIM
DOWN WITH A RIFLE
SHAVET!



LONG AS HE STAYS THUD,
HE'S SAFE. WE GOTTA STRIKE
HIM OUT FROM BEHIND THAT
ROCK.

WASH—BUT HONK! I
GHOSE AINT HANDBORN
TUN GET ANY NEATER
TUN THAT HORROR'S
SIX-GUN!



I KNOW HOW THESE
HEAD O' BUFFALO GRAIN' TEST
AROUND THEM BENDS. I'LL GO
DOWN THAR AN STAMMERDUM
DOWN THE VALLEY. THEY'LL
GIT IM OUT FROM BEHIND
THAT ROCK!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

STAMMERDUM BUFFALO! GUESS
GONE— I AM IN A SPOT NOW! IF
I RUN FOR IT—THEY'LL SHOOT ME
DOWN FOR SURE...



... AND IF I STAY HERE I'LL
GET TRAMPLED! EITHER WAY
I'VE CERTAIN DEATH!
WAIT! A MINUTE—THIS
MIGHT PROVE TO BE A
BLESSING— I'LL ONLY BE
FURT ENOUGH AWAY
TO LIVE!



AS THE SPOOKED HERD OF BUFFALO BREAKS OVER THE BOULDER LIKE A TON, THAT'S DE QUAY...

NOT TO HAVE THIS JUST RIGHT WHEN THIS
IS THE PERSON AND THEIR WIFE IS OLD AND
POOR— ALLEY OOP!



BOBBY BENSON'S

R-BAR-B RIDERS



When Bobby Benson and the R-Bar-B Riders head into the north country they find a new type of outlaw instead of stolen cattle being stampeded across the open prairie. Giant logs which act as a dam to their river run to the sawmill! Crushing trees and blazing guns in the hands of desperate loggers spell danger for Bobby Benson in his pursuit of—

The Timber Rustlers!

As Bobby try and windy ride into the Collins Jordan ranch...

WELL, MR. COLLINS THE R-BAR-B IS READY TO GIVE YOU A LARGE LOG ORDER. WE'RE PLANNING SOME NEW CONSTRUCTION.

I'M AFRAID EVEN A LARGE ORDER WON'T TAKE ME OUT OF THE RED! TWENTY PER CENT

OF MY LOGS ARE SEIZED BETWEEN THE LOGGING AREA AND THE SAWMILL!



IT'S SIX MILES FROM HERE TO THE MILL AND SOMEWHERE ALONG THE LINE MY LOGS ARE PULLED OFF INTO ONE OF THE NUMEROUS SIDE STREAMS AND STOLEN! WE'VE BLOCKED THE STREAM—PATROLLED THE RIVER—NO USE!

I THINK I'LL RIDE DOWN RIVER. COME ON, ANKARD!









THERE HE COMES!
IF HE COMES UP— I'LL SEND
HIM DOWN FOR KEEPS!



SECONDS LATER...

THEY'RE STILL
FISHING! I'LL KEEP LOW AND FLOAT
DOWNSTREAM WITH THESE LOGS. IF
THEY DON'T SEE ME COME UP, THEY
MAY THINK I'M DEAD!



SOON...

THEY MUST HAVE
LEFT ME FOR DEAD—I
HAVEN'T HEARD ANY MORE SHOOTING
UPSTREAM. BUT WHAT'S THAT
BUBBLING SOUND...?



THEIR OWN PRIVATE SAMPAN!/
IT'S CERTAINLY WELL HIDDEN! I DON'T
SEE ANYONE OUTSIDE—I'LL CLIMB
OUT...



ARIGO! YOU FOLLOWED
ME DOWNSTREAM. GOOD
HORSE!



GO UP RIVER AND
CROSS THE BRIDGE. FIND
WINGY AND TEX! GO,
BOY!

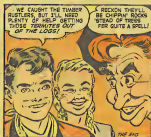


JUP'S GOT A NICE SET-UP
HE KNOWS WHEN MR. COLLINS
IS PATROLLING THE RIVER—
AND WHEN HE ISN'T, JUP
BUSTLES THE LUMBER DOWN
HERE! THE SAW'S WORKING—
SOMEONE MUST BE IN THE
MILL. WONDER IF EATON'S
THERE?









the GHOST RIDER

THE CUNNING KIOWA RAIDERS STRIKE THE STOCKADE WITH SUDDEN FURY! NEW GUNS AND FRESH SUPPLIES ARE THE PRIZE FOR THEIR TREACHERY ... BUT ACROSS THE DARK NIGHT PLAINS GALLOPS A WHITE PHANTOM RIDER, AND AS THE ONRUSHING GANAGS ATTACK—THE GHOST RIDER HOLDS THE FORT!

HIYAAAA!
FORWARD!
ONE MAN
CAN'T DEFEND
THE FORT
ALONE!

FOOLISH CHIEFTAIN!
I AM NOT A MORTAL
MAN, BUT THE GHOST
OF A DEPARTED ONE!
I AM NOT ALONE—
INVISIBLE SPIRITS FIRE
THEIR GUNS WITH ME!



AS FISH FURY
APPROACHES
A FURK IN THE
MANY ROAD...

WHOA, BOY! LET THE
TROOPS PASS FIRST!
THEY LOOK LIKE THEY'RE
ON OFFICIAL BUSINESS!

RECKON WE ARE!
THERE'S A MARAUDIN'
BAND OF REDSKINS
WHO'VE BEEN RAIDIN'
THE AREA. WE JUST
GOT WORD FROM
THE JOHNS
WIRELESS STATION
THAT THEY'RE AT
GABLE FALLS!



YOU SEEM TO
BE RIDING WITH
THE WHOLE
CAVALRY
FORCE!

LEFT JUST TWO
MEN TO GUARD THE
FORT, THE INDIANS
ARE THE ONLY ONES
WHO'D ATTACK, AND
WE KNOW WHERE
THEY ARE—
GABLE FALLS!





AS THE SUN SETS,
A WHITE FIGURE
GLIDES IN SILENT
RELIEF AGAINST
THE MISTY SKY—
THE GHOST
RAIDER!

FORWARD, SPECTRE!
TO THE FORT! THE
WEAPONS MUST NOT
FALL INTO THE HANDS
OF EVIL-DOERS!
THE FORT'S DEFENDERS
WILL NEED HELP!



TOO LATE! THEY HAVE STRUCK!
... I'LL CIRCLE BEHIND THE
FORT AND ENTER FROM
THE REAR ...



UP,
SPECTRE!



JEFF, WE CAN'T
HOLD 'EM OFF
MUCH ...
AHHE!

THEY HAVE
BOTH FALLEN!



THE RAIDERS' ARROWS HAVE TAKEN
SWIFT TOLL, NOW I ALONE MUST BAR
THE PATH TO THE FORT'S SUPPLIES!
... THEY ARE AT THE GATE!



HANDS ARE LEFT!
SEIZE THE POWDER
AND GUNS!

TECHMUGH,
LOOK!



FROM THE
TWO DEAD
SOLDIERS
ONE
RIDES!

IT IS HE
WHO RIDES
THE
MIDNIGHT
WINDS!

BACK! I HAVE
RETURNED
FROM THE
LANDS BEYOND
TO STAND
GUARD
HERE!



THE STARTLED AND SUPERSTITIOUS
INDIANS WHIRL ABOUT AND FLEE!
THEY...

THE GATE IS BARRED,
I MUST KEEP THEM SCARED
OFF UNTIL THE TROOPS
REALIZE THE FOLLY OF
THEIR ERRAND AND RETURN,
BUT THAT MAY NOT BE FOR
HOURS... WHAT
WAS THAT?



WHO DARES
SNEAK IN
WHILE I
STAND
GUARD?

OWW!



WHEN FINE RED
SUNNY NOT RETURN
FOR DINNER, GING-
GONG RIDE OUT ON
PRAIRIE AND HEAR
SHOOTING, THEN
CERTAIN GHOST
RIDER HERE AND
THINK HE NEED
HELP!

GING-
GONG!



SOON...

THE EXTRA RIFLES
ARE LOADED AND WEDGED
INTO THE LOOPHOLES.
IF THEY ATTACK AGAIN,
WE'RE READY FOR
THEM!

GING-GONG RUN
DOWN LINE, PILL
TROOPS VILLY
FAST, BUT KEEP
LOW AND HOLD
WHITE HAT UP,
MIMES SEEM LIKE
GHOSTS FIRE
GUNG!



LISTEN!
THEY COME!



WHO DARES ATTACK
WHERE THE GHOST
RIDER WATCHES?
AND I'M NOT
ALONE!
I HAVE CALLED
INVISIBLE HELPERS
FROM THE DARK REALMS
BEYOND!

HE LIES!
HE IS
ALONE!
ATTACK!



AIEEE!

GUNG FIRE,
BUT NO ONE
IS THERE!

ONLY A
HEADLESS
GUNMAN!



THEY'RE ON THE RUN,
GUS-SONG! NICE WORK!
WE DROVE THEM BACK!



THAT VELLY GOOD!
GUS-SONG, OUT OF
BREATH, HOPE
THEY STAY AWAY
LONG TIME, HEBBE
FOREVER!

*But,
AN HOUR
LATER...*

FLAMING ARROWS!
BRING ME WATER BUCKETS
QUICKLY! IF THEY SEE
THE BLOCKHOUSE GO
UP IN SMOKE, THEY'LL
STORM THE FORT AND
GET THOSE RIFLES
YET!



GUS-SONG
CARRY WATER
FAST, BUT
FLAMES
SPREAD
FASTER!

*Quick!
Another
Bucket!*
I'VE GOT TO
CONTROL
THE FIRE!



HEBBE
THEY SEND
OTHER
FLAMING
ARROWS
VELLY
SOON.

IF THERE WAS
ONLY A WAY
TO CONVINCE
THEM THAT FIRE
COULDN'T HARM
ME— THEN
THEY'D STOP
FIRING FLAMING
ARROWS AT US.



GUS-SONG
HAVE WAY!
I SEARCH
BARRACKS
FOR MEDICAL
ALCOHOL!
ALCOHOL FLAMES
BURN BRIGHT
BUT WILL NOT
HARM ONE!

YOU'RE
RIGHT! WE'LL
SPREAD
ALCOHOL
OVER THE
ROOF —
LIGHT IT
AND I'LL
WALK RIGHT
THROUGH IT
UNHARMED!



*Quickly,
Gus-Song
Returns...*

I WON'T HAVE TO
LIGHT IT—THAT FLAMING
ARROW DID IT FOR ME!

WHOLE ROOF
SOAKED WITH
ALCOHOL
NOW.



*BEHOLD!
FLAMES CLIMB
HIGH ME!*

HE WALKS
THROUGH FIRE—
BUT HE DOES
NOT BURN!



IF FLAMES CANNOT HARM ME, WHO IS FOOLISH AS TO IMAGINE HIS PETTY WEAPON CAN HURT ONE RETURNED FROM THE DARK LANDS OF THE DEAD?

IT IS A GHOST! WE MUST REPEAT OUR AMBUSH!



HALT! DO NOT LET HIS MEDICINE POOL YOU. HE IS ALONE AND HUMAN, THERE ARE GUNS AND SUPPLIES IN THE FORT WITH WHICH WE CAN BAIT THE BRITISH WARRIORS! I RIDE BACK, I LEAVE WITH SUFFICIENT TO COLLECT TECHANESEN!

I WILL AND MY BROTHER RIDES WITH US!



FORWARD! LET THE KOWA LANCERS BANISH THE LOUPE-GUARDIAN OF THE FORT!

LOOK! THE GATE OPENS!



THERE IS THE RIDER OF THE MIDNIGHT WINDS!

THIS TIME HE GOES TO THE LANDS BEYOND AND HE WILL NOT RETURN!



VANISHED!

NOW, KING-SOON! MAKE THE DUNNY SARKS IN FRONT OF THEM AGAIN!



HE IS SPREADING US!

LET OUR KOWA CUT HIM DOWN!



